THE
Pope in a Paſſion;
OR,
Bad News for England.

ich was ſent in a *Pacquet of Advice* from *Rome*, by Cardinal *Howard*, to the *Popes Nuncio*; but miſcarrying, is now Publiſhed to prevent Danger.

To the Tune of, O *brave Oliver*, or O *brave Popery*, &c.

I.
THE Catholick Poſt, that came lately to Town,
oth tell that the Pope, with his high *Triple Crown*,
e roteſtant Churches will quickly pull down:
Sing hey brave Catholicks, *O rare Catholicks*, O
Catholicks, *Excellent Catholicks*, O!

II.
Nobles of *England* muſt all in a row,
Pardon, and ſtoop to his Holineſs Toe;
Bell, Book and Candle, to Pot they muſt go:
ing hey brave, &c.

III.
Catholick King, with our Neighbour of *France*,
ig an [illegible] with Muſquet and Lance;
[illegible] the proud *Emy* to Dance:
Sing hey brave, &c.

IV.
great *Iriſh* Cut-throat, *Tyrconnel*, that's worſe,
t drinks *Bonny-Clabber*, and Swears by the Croſs,
ill Muſter an Army of Bog-trotting Horſe:
Sing hey brave, &c.

V.
hen *Bryan* and *Patrick*, with *Morice* and *Teague*,
Will batter down *London*, and level the *Hague*;
They'll ſtrip you quite naked, and force you to beg;
Sing hey brave, &c.

VI.
The hopeful young Innocent Prince of the Scots,
Or *Wales*, (choſe you either) by Jeſuit Sots,
And old Father *Peters* will Plague you with Plots:
Sing hey brave, &c.

VII.
His Holineſs ſwears by his God in the Hoſt,
(Before to his Kinſman three Kingdoms be loſt)
He'll Conjure by Spells up *Mazareen*'s Ghoſt:
Sing hey brave, &c.

VIII.
He wiſely will vanquiſh you, tell you right down,
That the *P. of W.* right (tho' himſelf were a Clown)
Is as good as *Lodwick*'s was to the French Crown:
Sing hey brave, &c.

IX.
Submit then in time to his H*olineſs* Feet. (ſweet,
Both hug them, and kiſs them, they're ſoft and they're
His Yoak is but eaſie, his Words are diſcreet:
Sing hey brave, &c.

X.
He'll ſend yon a Preſet
A Buſhel of Peter's Tet of Relicks and Beads,
With Papeſs *Joan*'s Pleth, two of his Heads,
ket, and Nuns that are Maids:
Sing hey brave, &c.

XI.
He'll ſell you Indulgences,
He'll pardon your ſins, wh[illegible]ave you at laſt,
He'll teach you the eaſieſt way to come, and wha'ts paſt;
[illegible] way to faſt:
ſing hey brave, &c.

XII.
He'll ſend you St. *Anthony*'s Fart in a bag,
With Milk in a Bottle, and Hair in a Rag,
Which have been long kept by the old Scarlet Hag:
Sing hey brave, &c.

XIII.
He'll liberty give you to Rogue and to Whore,
To Drink, and to Rant, to Swear and to Roar,
And the Devil is in you, if you deſire more:
ſing hey brave, &c.

XIV.
But if you'll not do what the Pope doth require,
He'll come with his Clergy in Scarlet attire,
And teach you good Breeding with Faggot and Fire:
ſing hey, &c.

XV.
The Papiſts are Cruel, for they that eat Gods (odds,
Muſt needs have ſtrong Stomachs, and likewiſe the
They'll poiſon your Pulpits, and whip you with Rods:
ſing hey brave Catholicks, *O rare* Catholicks, *bo*
Fine Catholicks, *Excellent* Catholicks, O!

With Allowance.

London: Printed in the Year, 1689.

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II.

The Nobles of *England* muſt all in a row,
Beg Pardons, and ſtoop to his Holineſs Toe;
Or by Bell, Book and Candle, to Pot they muſt go:
Sing hey brave, &c.

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The Catholick King, with our Neighbour of *France*,
Will rig an *Armado* with Muſquet and Lance;
[illegible] *Orange* will teach the proud *Lilly* to Dance:
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